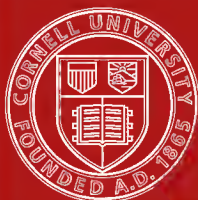


BX
9793
M14
I35

In Memoriam





Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924052296310>

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 052 296 310



AURELIA.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

IN MEMORIAM



SISTER AURELIA G. MACE

1835 — 1910

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO THE MEMORY OF "OUR MOTHER,"
AURELIA G. MACE,
BY HER "LOVED ONES" AT
SABBATHDAY LAKE, MAINE.

"O brighter than the morning star,
Is the heart that's pure and free;
And the light that's ever glowing there,—
The star of purity.
The sun shall wane, the stars go down,
And reign of time be o'er;
But the living light in the heart that's pure,
Shall shine forever more."

PREFACE.

Words fail to express the tender thoughts which we would gladly weave into this tribute to the memory of our much loved and respected sister, Aurelia G. Mace. But we can render to her this memorial as a heartfelt token of our esteem, and offer it to our many friends within and without the Society, trusting from its pages there may ring the notes of our truest and sincerest loyalty to the beautiful soul who has only "Gone Before."

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

On the evening of March 30th, 1910, Sister Aurelia Mace passed from this life to her "Home Beyond the Gates," after a long illness. She will be one of the bright and shining lights there, as she has always been here. Our loss will be her gain, so we can but bow our wills to the will "of Him who doeth all things well."

Sister Aurelia was brought an infant less than a year old to this family by her father and mother and with two brothers and five sisters. Later, her mother was obliged to go to Strong, Me., to attend to certain unsettled business affairs and took the child with her. Both returned while Aurelia was still a tiny girl, and here she has remained, true as steel, having passed nearly fourscore years, and has been a Shaker in every fibre of her being; always inspiring others; an open-minded, hopeful woman; confident that her beloved Church is coming into days of greater prosperity. She has often been heard to say: "I shall not live to see Zion's increase, but you who are young who stand faithful will surely see it."

Her father was well known in New England as a preacher of the Universalist faith. Her mother was of Welsh descent and was a woman of great energy, strength of mind and sterling integrity. Sister Aurelia says: "I was born in Strong, Maine, on the 6th of March, 1835. I was brought up in the midst of that great spiritual wave. I decided when very young to devote my whole life to the cause of God. I studied more out of school than in school. I studied for a while with the Shakers at East Canterbury, N. H., and did the best I could for my pupils. I was a teacher for twenty-seven years, although I did not have much chance to learn how they did outside. I never liked large schools. I liked to have a chance to teach each pupil individually."

She was twice called to live in the Elder's Order, where she showed uncommon ability in the instruction of the young. She was also twice called to officiate in the Office, a position that she held for thirty years and where she still presided up to the time of her death.

In 1894, she was chosen as one of the sister Trustees. Her life has been rounded out full of good works, and she goes into eternity with years ripened unto the fruits of righteousness. She was always ready with a word of courage and cheer for every-

one. Against the spirit of doubt she was as keen as fire. She often said that her standard was for the purest and the surest.

She leaves behind her many bright examples and beautiful thoughts. The following is one which she wrote many years ago, but it shows the life contest of a faithful worker in Zion :

“Lo, I heard the word of God,
First the cross loomed up before me,
Then the crown appeared in sight,
First the duty, then the beauty
Beckoned on the path of right.
Never turning, ever learning;
Perfect whiteness, perfect brightness;
Still I’m marching, still I’m reaching;
Lo, redemption draweth nigh.
Spotless standard waving all along the way.
No bounds to sacrifice. The whole is given—naught
reserving—
Self controlling—heavy blows of chisel on rough
marble !
Lo, the statue fine appears !
Walk the vale of the beautiful
Clothed in spirit dutiful.
Thus the cross is wearing out.”

SISTER AURELIA.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE.

The echos of Easter carols
Still floated upon the air;
Heaven's gate wide was swinging
As angels opened the bar.

When silently came the message,
Sweet to her listening ear,
As she grasped the hand outreaching,
And greeted her loved and dear.

Long and faithful has been her service,
Sweet and gentle her presence here;
Long her words of tender counsel
For the sorrowing, smiles of cheer.

Through days that were dark or sunny,
True she stood through every test;
Content not with half-hearted service,
Ever giving freely her best.

Not only in loving home circles
Her light most clearly shone,
But abroad everywhere, she bravely
Unfurled truth's banner, alone.

The fragrance about us still lingers
Though translated in gardens above;
Yet in our earth plot ever
Her memory dwells with love.

There's only a short path between us,
Just a little while we'll meet her there;
A little more sunshine and shadow,
A little more sorrow and care.

The beautiful, beautiful river,
The River of Life lies between;
She has passed o'er its "still waters"
And rests in the "pastures green."

So the Easter message floats downward:
Seek her not among the dead;
She is risen, you yet shall behold her;
She is risen, as it was said.

FIDELLA ESTABROOK.

Pittsfield, Mass., Mar. 31, 1910.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The service was opened by Elder William Dumont, who said :

“The occasion which calls us together is a sad one, but we have met here to-day to pay our last tributes to one who has so loyally given her life to the cause of truth.

“We have known Sister Aurelia for years and all have felt her kindness of heart. Not only the inmates of this home will miss her, but all who ever came within her presence will miss the kind words and the genial smile. None could go where she was for a short time, and leave without taking with them an uplifting influence. Even the wild birds and squirrels, that gathered about her door to be fed in winter, will miss her, and the poor we all know were never turned needy away by her.

“Although we shall greatly miss this beloved sister, we would not call her back, as we believe her work was done, and she goes unto her reward, having lived more than her allotted time. And we who are left must renew our faithfulness, that when we are called to leave our work here, we may be sure that we shall have a treasure in Heaven as she had to gather to.”

The family then sang the beautiful hymn entitled, "The Beautiful Shore," the words of which are given as follows :

BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Time's dark billows and tempests may roar,
Yet will I sing of that beautiful shore,
Where the chill winter of life shall be o'er
 Ne'er to return to the soul.

Blest summer land, free from sorrow and gloom,
In fadeless beauty our spirits shall bloom,
While the earth casket inherits the tomb
 Seasons supernal will roll.

Gladsome the spring of that fair, happy land,
Blossom and fruitage in glory expand,
While the soft breeze from its emerald strand,
 Scent-laden, floats to us here.
Love builds its mansions all pearly and bright,
Rising in grandeur in rose-tinted light.
'Tis for the blessed, whose robes are made white,
 Heavenly homes have been reared.

Pilgrims who tarry, your time yet abide;
Slowly receding is life's ebbing tide;
Over its surges your spirit shall glide
 Safe to that beautiful shore.

Happy the thought if our hearts are made pure,
We an inheritance there shall secure.
Hope still confides in promises sure,
 When here our journey is o'er.

The following was a favorite hymn of Sister Aurelia's and was sung at the close of the Memorial Service.

LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT.

Not all a dream, a passing dream,
Is life's unfoldment here;
Earth's brightest glories are but gleams
From out the inner sphere.
What hopes and longings fill the heart,
And lift the mind on high;
They tell that the immortal part
Can never, never die.

Who clothes the lilies of the field?
And marks the planet's course?
Makes earth a fruitful harvest yield?
Renews each secret force?
That same creative power beholds,
With tenderness and love,
His noblest works where life unfolds,
Like types revealed above.

Oh, what a glorious destiny
Awaits the human soul!
Beyond a brief mortality,
Where higher powers control.
And step by step, a starry way
Will mark its progress on;
Rejoicing in unclouded day,
Where perfect victory's won.

This beautiful poem was contributed by Sister Prudie Stickney and read at the Memorial Service very feelingly by Eldress Lizzie M. Noyes.

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure
That He will give them back, bright, pure and
beautiful;
We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep;
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The here and there.
He does not mean, though heaven be fair,
To change the spirits entering there, that they forget
The eyes unpraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about the gladness, and the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathway show.

My lost, my own and I,
Shall have so much to see together by and by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that His heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and
me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we shall
wake,
I am quite sure we shall be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.

—*George Klinge.*



The following loving tribute to "Sister Aurelia's" memory was taken from the *Lewiston Journal* :

The Memorial Services of the late sister, Aurelia G. Mace, of the Sabbathday Lake Shakers, were held at the community chapel, Friday, at 2 P. M., and all who were present will remember the touching service for many a day.

Among those present were Governor and Mrs. Fernald, Mr. H. W. Ricker and family, Mrs. E. P. Ricker and her two sons, Mrs. A. B. Ricker, Miss Sadie Ricker, and other guests and friends from Poland Spring; also many other personal friends and neighbors. Mr. E. P. Ricker, who was at Clifton Springs, N. Y., wired his regrets at not being able to come.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, of Gray, spoke words of sympathy and comfort to the stricken family. The service was very touching in its simplicity. A beautiful hymn, sung in harmony by the family, was followed by appropriate words by Elder William Dumont. Then the heartfelt words of the sisters who have associated with Sister Aurelia for years, through joy and sorrow, caused many an eye to moisten. Following this, the young sisters' quartette sang, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." This was sympathetically rendered and certainly reminded the hearers that "We

are but strangers here, Heaven is our home.' Then several different articles were read in memory of the beloved one who has just stepped from our sight. Before the closing of the service, permission was granted to all who wished to make remarks. By special invitation, Gov. Fernald spoke a few fitting words. He stated that he never was called upon to speak on such an occasion, but that he felt greatly honored. He said he had known Sister Aurelia for years, and found hers to be a noble character, and while she would be greatly missed at home, she would also be greatly missed by her many friends in the surrounding towns. After the Governor's remarks the service was closed, and all who wished once more viewed the remains of the Shaker Mother in Israel, which rested in the large front hall, just outside the chapel.

The flowers surrounding the plain white coffin spoke of the love and affection of her many friends. Her life-long friends, the Rickers, could not do enough, seemingly, for her memory, and for those in her home. In proof of this, a lovely wreath of roses and lilies was sent by the Ricker family. Besides, a beautiful panel of calla lillies, surrounded by their deep green foliage, "From Brother Edward," as Sister Aurelia loved to call Mr. E. P. Ricker. Many other floral tributes were sent by dear friends, which helped to beautify the bed of roses in which the "Mother" lay. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Nickerson sent a charming box of lillies. But still all the fragrant

flowers were but feeble messages when compared to the expressions of love from her life-long friends.

The Shaker family appreciated very highly the request of Mr. Hiram Ricker, who said he would consider it a great privilege to be one of the bearers. Gov. Fernald also expressed a similar wish. Accordingly these two noble men of our State, and Elder William Dumont, with Delmer C. Wilson, carefully and tenderly lifted the remains to the waiting carriage which conveyed them to their final resting place.

The family feel greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Osgood for their loving and reverent service.



HOME TRIBUTES

**"THY CHILDREN SHALL RISE UP AND
CALL THEE BLESSED."**

FOR SISTER AURELIA.

Dearest friend and kind instructor,
Many years have passed away
Since thy voice so gently called me
Where in peace I walk to-day.
All the credit, sure belongeth
Unto thee, O friend so dear,
That I stand among you
As a chosen member here.

Long ago, I well remember
'Twas a lovely morn in May
When at first I met a stranger
Whom they called Aurelia Gay;
And that face I'll ne'er forget it,
Nor the hand outstretched to me,
Which established lasting friendship,
Giving me a welcome free.

All along that same hand led me
Through the days of erring youth,
Through temptation's hour of trial,
Showing me the pearl of truth.
Never has thy true heart faltered,
Nor grown weary in the strife;
All thy talents have been given
To a good and virtuous life.

Of thy patience and forbearance
I must speak a word of praise,
For I've often felt its sweetness,
In the bygone golden days.
I remember, and I cherish
All thy kind and loving deeds,
All thy words of wise instruction,
That were fitting to my needs.
Thy reward, O kindest sister,
Ye shall reap, I feel assured,
And thy children call thee blessed
For the cross thou hast endured.
Fine the robe ye'll wear in glory
Made through suffering spotless white;
And thy jewels whom thou lovest
Will adorn thy crown so bright.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF HER "TEN."

Sabbathday Lake, Me.



A TRIBUTE.

By SISTER SIRENA E. DOUGLAS.

“Some humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven’s green expansion
The river of thy peace.”

Many times I have heard Sister Aurelia repeat the few lines of this lovely poem, and I do not doubt but what her beautiful spirit entered the humble door of her Heavenly Father’s mansion, which had become hers through faithfulness and right living, for we know her life was a life of beauty and holiness.

The parting with our dear sister was sadness to us, but joy to her, yet we would not recall our loved one back to earth again. We have the assurance that she will be near to us in spirit, to watch over and guide us still.

She left many bright and godly examples for us to follow—her loving and cheerful spirit and a heart so full of tenderest love and affection that no one passed by without her notice and a smile. No one knew her but to love her, and may her love cover us as a mantle.

I will herewith enclose the rest of "Whittier's Prayer," from which I quoted at the commencement of my tribute :

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown:

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else from me is drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned,
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansion
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.
Sabbathday Lake, Me.



IN MEMORIAM

By S. L. FLETCHER.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Psalm 121.

This was a favorite verse of our Sister Aurelia's and one which she loved to repeat. In our religious life she was a great strength and wise counselor, and all of this we shall miss very much.

But she will be better able, now that she does not have the frail, weak body to encumber her, to minister unto us; for I believe that she sees us and knows our wants better than she did when she was here with us.

With Whittier I would say:

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong."

So in the future I shall expect to meet our sister, and she will be the same kind mother that she was when on earth.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

IN MEMORY.

By A. A. STICKNEY.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

How comforting the thought that our dear sister has a mansion prepared for her by the Master. Her noble life of Christian devotion to the faith has built for her a monument that will never decay in the memory of her many friends. She has been like the strong oak by the wayside, where many a weary pilgrim has found shelter, in trouble and in the times of storm, and felt refreshed after leaving her presence.

I think of her as my mother in childhood and youth, and sister in riper years, and who was always near in every trial to whisper words of cheer.

I shall meet her "at the landing," and many more of our dear aged friends that have passed on for a time. But God is good to call them home to rest, and they will still live on to shed their peaceful influence around us.

When the curtain closed around our sister's life and the sun went down behind the Western hills, the

beautiful lines of the poet Whittier came to my mind:

“And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean, or on shore.

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care.”

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

A TRIBUTE.

By E. H. HASKELL.

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”—Revelation 14: 13.

Thus I feel that the beautiful life of our sainted mother will ever live in our memory, serving as a bright example to her loving friends.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE FOR SISTER AURELIA.

By A. S. CUMMINGS.

Sister Aurelia's life is closed. Sister Aurelia, who has been with us so many years, who has been to us a mother and teacher in childhood and youth, a spiritual guide and loving companion in riper years, no more to walk with us in life! Can it be possible she has closed her watchful eyes from her dear ones whom she has left? Ah, nay, I believe she still watches over and will be near to comfort us in our bereavement. She has only "Gone Before" to prepare a place for us, that where she has gone we may follow.

We were not prepared to have her leave us. The familiar places which have long since held her dear form are now vacant. Her chair looks lonely, but we are well aware that there is not a fireside that does not have "*one* vacant chair," and Sister Aurelia we know has gone to live with the angels, and for a time is out of our sight. Her pleasant voice, too, is hushed and the loving words which we have heard

pass from her lips are no longer audible. Still I have no doubt but she is near many times and would gladly bestow upon us the same tender guidance as in days long since gone by, if we were only spiritual enough to receive them.

Could we but lift the veil which shuts her from our mortal vision there we might behold her in all of the glory of immortality. Although it is but a veil that shuts her from our sight, it is so closed and sealed that only those who sever the bands of death can peer beyond it. Thus we must be content, and the longest waiting time will soon be ended, when we shall all be gathered to those who knew and loved us and are waiting just beyond to "clasp us to them as before."

I am glad it was my privilege to be with her during her last days, and the following lines were written from her last conscious words :

"I AM SO TIRED."

"I am so tired" were the last words

We heard our mother say;

Tired, and weary of sickness;

Tired, at the close of day.

Tired? O weary traveler!

A sweet rest shall be thine.

Into the "arms everlasting"

Rest from the labors of time.

A beautiful life all spotless,
Made perfect by living aright,
Goes into the realms of glory
A beautiful angel of light;
And a peace passing all understanding
Shall be hers forevermore.
She will find dear friends to greet her
As she nears the "golden" shore.

A sweet benediction she leaves us,
To rest with us alway;
Though her parting sadly grieves us,
We could not bid her stay.
When she had grown "so tired,"
And longed for rest at last,
We could but bid her God speed,
Knowing all pain was past.

And now when we sit in the gloaming,
Weary with toil and care,
We'll think of her with pleasure
Within her mansion fair;
Think she'll be there to greet us,
When we near the Borderland,
Where she'll "know her own in Heaven,"
And clasp them by the hand.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

“MY HOME.”

Sung by the brothers and sisters with a great deal of feeling at the Memorial Services of Sister Aurelia.

Oh, I view the land I'm nearing,
Only step by step I go,
Still I never lose the vision
Of that home I'm blest to know.

Through no gloomy mists nor shadows,
Through no vale of death I pass,
It is heaven to be holy,
I shall reach my home at last.

A LOVING MEMORY.

By C. A. STEWART.

When asked to contribute to the memorial of our beloved Sister Aurelia, I could but gladly respond to the request. My heart goes out to her filled with the tenderest love and respect. She has always been a mother to me; whenever I was in her presence I felt an uplifting influence for good. Her life has been an example of truth and purity, one which we can safely follow. Many times she has repeated one of her favorite Bible verses to me, one which I think a great deal of: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."—Isa. 41: 10. I believe she will be still near us, and we will feel her gentle spirit. I will prove true and an honor in the home she loved so well.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

A TRIBUTE.

By M. F. CURTIS.

One great trait in Sister Aurelia's character that I wish to emulate was kindness of heart. She loved to do little kindnesses for the weak ones of the earth, and she was very fond of birds and animals. She could not rest unless she knew they were well housed and fed. She also had a great deal of pity for the poor and needy ones.

When my life comes to its close, I hope to be remembered by as many virtues as Sister Aurelia was.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE.

Sung by the Quartette.

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the song birds dwell,
Hush, then, thy sad repining :
God lives, and all is well.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, Somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done,
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

CHORUS.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

CHORUS.

A LAST TRIBUTE TO SISTER AURELIA.

By L. M. BAILEY.

“You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you
will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

—*Thomas Moore.*

Sister Aurelia is with the angels. We did not hear the summons, nor know how gladly “Our Mother” welcomed it, as she left her earthly home for the “mansions not made with hands,” won by her devotion to the work of God, for which she gave her life a willing sacrifice years ago. To-day, in the sunset of life, she looks back without a regret. Could we recall the memories that are ours, they would be many. The acts of kindness, the words of cheer, and the many, many loving smiles to one and all, these are not lost! These virtues, together with the graces of purity and truth, have paved for her a road to Heaven, and won for her a treasure eternal. She not only wrote in her own life-book, but many, in turning back the pages of theirs, will find valuable

lessons of counsel and instruction impressed upon the pages.

We are richer, dear friends, for the life that has just left us. We shall miss her; but the weary hands have finished their earthly tasks, and the tired heart seeks rest. In fancy we see her meeting the dear ones of "Long Ago," with whom she bore the burden, and stood the test "in the heat of the day," and hear her singing,

"I've been with you through the furnace,
I've stood with you through the storm;
And now I go, rejoicing with you,
To my happy home."

Her life has been an example of godliness, and although she has passed from our mortal view, the same loving spirit, the same pure influence, will remain with us to comfort and bless.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

SHE IS NOT DEAD.

In Memory of Sister Aurelia.

By C. H. CHACE.

"She is not dead!" Like some calm benediction
The words are whispered to each aching heart.
"She only goes before," sweet voices tell us,
As tears of sorrow from our eyelids start.

By angel hands the mystic veil was lifted,
That hides from mortal view the summer land;
She softly stepped beyond the shining portals,
To join, at last, that happy, waiting band.

Dear, loving friends, with outstretched hands of welcome,
Were there upon the bright celestial shore.

With them she shares the glory of the faithful,
Her crown of light she wears forever more.

Bright robes are hers, of purity and goodness,
Made bright by golden deeds and words of love.
The years of loyalty to faith and duty
Have won for her immortal joys above.

Beloved one! We miss her loving presence,
Her words of tender counsel and of cheer;
But ever, in the years that are before us,
We know her gentle influence will be near.

We love them so ! These friends of our affection,
Who leave us for Heaven's joys, but this we
know,
They are not dead ! We, some sweet day, shall find
them
In that fair land where God's rare flowers grow.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.



WRITTEN FOR OUR GOSPEL MOTHER, AURELIA G. MACE.

By DELMER WILSON.

When the golden sheaves are ready for the harvest the Reaper is sure to call. Accordingly our beautiful mother has passed from our sight, but we do not believe she has left us. The grave has claimed the mortal clay and Paradise has received its own, the purified spirit of our saintly sister; thus the fetters are no more, the soul is free.

That willing and gentle spirit will hover over her loved ones with a greater care and a sweeter influence than ever before. What a comforting thought this is, for we know that the greatest desire of her life was that the Church and her Home should grow and increase. Now her spirit is free to inspire and influence souls to seek Christ and "Put on the whole armor of God."

In days that have passed her happiest moments seemed to be when she could teach and encourage souls in the way of God. She has often conversed

with the writer in a way which touched the heart. One of her favorite statements was: "Brighter than the stars of heaven will be those who have kept themselves pure and unspotted from the world." Then suddenly she would look up and say: "There are many in whom there are no failures; there must be no failure in *you*." Many are the times I have been encouraged and blessed in listening to such wise counsel and words of love, and it is with great pleasure that I can say I know her good teaching and strong influence has been of great value to me in the past, and what is more, I know I shall always be benefited by these blessings.

Yea, I thank God that it was my lot to fall under the influence of such a noble Mother of Israel:

"As the ancients of the city pass away,
Who will keep the testimony burning bright?
Who will hold the virgin standard snowy white?
Like the saints who've gone before us in our day?"

Does not the life of this godly woman march on before us commanding all in the voice of the mighty spirit? "On! On to victory! No compromise with sin!" It certainly does and we will follow like brave soldiers.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

A SHINING LIGHT.

Written by JENNIE MATHERS.

“Unto the world a shining light
And a glory in the land.”

These words were brought to my mind while absent from home during Sister Aurelia's illness and on being asked about her. So many who were strangers to me came with the question: "How is Sister Aurelia? Remember me to her, will you, please; I think she is one of the loveliest characters I ever met." And the thought came to me that she had obeyed the Saviour's mandate: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." She has filled out this command in full, and all who ever knew her came to respect and love her for her pure faith and true Christian principles, and we who were intimate with her in her home life were always strengthened and uplifted by associations with her.

We shall miss her, but I believe the influence of her beautiful life will live to be a blessing as long as there shall remain any who knew her.

Hush ! move gently, step softly,
 Speak low, with bated breath,
At the door the angel stands waiting,
 The angel whom we call death.

Sighing, earth murmurs sadly "death,"
 Smiling, heaven whispers "life,"
The joy of work well accomplished,
 Peace, from all turmoil and strife.

In silence the angel comes quickly
 At the close of a long weary day,
And in arm, strong, loving and tender,
 He bears our dear mother away.

Away to the fields bright elysian,
 To dwell in the joy of the Lord;
To rest from all weakness forever,
 To reap there the promised reward.

For her, the struggle ended bravely,
 Life's battles have all been well won,
And we seem to hear in the stillness
 The Master's "Enter thou. Well done."

AN ACROSTIC TO THE MEMORY OF SISTER AURELIA.

By the GIRLS.

Rose.

S

Sister Aurelia, so kind and true,
Was always striving some good to do.
And ministering unto all each day,
A blessing of love in her own sweet way.

Ethel.

I

In the smile, which she gave us
When we came near
There was always a gladness,
Which brought us good cheer.

Mary Ellen.

S

Sweet are the fields elysian
'Tis there, with loved ones at rest,
We know Sister Aurelia is happy,
In her paradise home of the blest.

May.

T

The Master has taken her to Him
And we miss her sweet presence below,
But we can follow her footsteps
And where she has gone we may go.

*Emma.***E**

"Eternal life, enduring bliss,"
I hear the angels say,
As to the realms of glory,
Our "Mother" wings her way.

*Ruth.***R**

Rejoicing with joys immortal,
In a heavenly mansion fair,
Renewed to a youth eternal,
We'll find "Sister Aurelia" there.

*Emily.***A**

A mother's care you've given us,
So tender, kind and true,
And now in fond affection
We waft our love to you.

*Ada.***U**

Using all her talents wisely
For the home she loved so well,
Holding up truth's snowy standard,
And of her faith would tell.

*Gertrude.***R**

Robes, such as angels are wearing,
In Heaven, our "Mother" wears now.
The crown that is won by the faithful,
Is resting upon her fair brow.

*Irene.***E**

Ever a kind and gentle spirit
Was shown to all needy ones.
The birds and the squirrels knew this,
And gathered about her for crumbs.

*Eugenia***L**

Lasting treasure she inherits,
Welcomed into scenes sublime;
Numbered now among the angels,
Far removed from things of time.

*Eva.***I**

In that home of "many mansions",
Dearest "Mother," sweet and calm,
You are folded 'neath the shadow
Of the "Everlasting Arm."

*Cora.***A**

A pure and beautiful life
Goes on to its own reward;
All robed in white, with beauty rife,
Prepared to meet its God.

Elsie.

Even the wild birds will miss you,
That came to the door at your call.
Much more do we, your dear children,
With the love you had for us all.

Farewell, for a time, Sister Aurelia,
So kind and so true always.

We'll meet you, and greet you most surely,
In the land that is fairer than day."

On Easter Sunday, which occurred the 27th of March, the two little twin girls, aged five years, Lila and Eliza McCool went to Sister Aurelia's room with

their teacher, to visit her. They recited the 23rd Psalm and then broke forth in their innocent way into singing :

“Peace, peace be unto you,
Oh, my beloved.
You shall walk upon the sea,
Though the waves be troubled.
Yours shall be a crown of life,
Rich with gem and jewel,
Recompense for all the strife
Crosses and trials.”

In their sweet, childish hearts they little thought how soon the dear one would be beyond the sight of their merry eyes, nor how appropriate the psalm and song was for the season: Suffice it to say, it was a comfort to Sister Aurelia and she sent them away with her blessing.



“A HEART AT LEISURE FROM ITSELF.”

By L. R. BAILEY.

Thus had our beloved Sister Aurelia. She was so filled with the Christ spirit that no self interest found its way into her life. Her heart was so freely given to God, she took no thought of worldly honors or selfish gain. Even when so sick she was wholly dependent on others, she would say, “I wonder if you have everything you need.” So thoughtful always of others. “We shall meet, but we shall miss her, there will be one vacant chair,” until we are once more together in that “Home of the Soul,” where there will be no more parting or sadness. But while we still remain where she has finished her life work, let us follow closely in her footsteps. “Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.”—St. Matthew 5: 9. Sister Aurelia often quoted this little verse to me, and she would say, “You must always strive to live this humble, peaceful life, for you then shall be called a child of God.”

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

TO SISTER AURELIA.

By V. A. DANIELS.

“Wayside roses droop and fade,
Bloom and fade their own sweet way;
We know not where their fragrance goes,
Floating, floating, day by day.

“Pass the footsore travelers,
Breathing in the dusty air;
They catch the odor of the flowers,
And bless the grateful fragrance there.

“Such our lives. Sweet words of kindness
Fall, we know not where or when;
Like the fragrance of the roses,
Reaching far beyond our ken.”

Thus ever was the life of our dear sister, as pure and sweet as the fragrance of the rose. No one came into her presence without feeling this beautiful influence. She was ever ready with a smile and kind word for everyone, not only her own people, whom she worked with all of her life, but to all her acquaintances elsewhere, and so it was until the end. Her memory will always remain with us, as an inspiration for good.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

OUR ANGEL SISTER.

By R. DRAKE.

We do not think of our dear sister as dead, but as one full of joy and happiness as she stepped over the threshold of the "better land." She has left us in body, but her spirit of love and holiness will ever remain in our midst. Her guiding hand will ever be stretched out to those who are striving to walk in her footsteps.

I pray that at the sunset of my life I may be as worthy as our dear sister to hear from the Master's lips, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

MY TRIBUTE.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H., March 31, 1910.

ADA S. CUMMINGS,

Dear Sister.:—I hear it reported this morning that our precious sister, Aurelia G. Mace, has gone from us, no more to return! I almost doubt the message, so sudden and so unwelcome. Imagination, however, still pictures her as of yore, standing at the entrance of her chosen home, beckoning us to enter, saying, meantime, "Aurelia is here, come right in." It is hard to bid her a long adieu, while her presence seems so near.

By her whole-souled benefactions, she has won many friends, each of whom, I have no doubt, will make of each special favor a memory gem that will last through time and through the eternities. The uplifting influence of Sister Aurelia's life has caused the rich to love and admire her Christly attitude toward those less favored. She has tried to fulfill the grand two-fold commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord," and "thy neighbor as thyself," on which hang all the law and the prophets.

When an explorer chances to find a nugget or a vein of gold, how tenaciously he holds claim! So we, of long experience, have frequently discovered among our friends characters of virgin gold, whose honor, spiritual integrity, and purity of purpose have made us feel that they who possess these excellencies have more wealth at command than earthly mines can bestow. In this worthy society lives our Sister Aurelia.

I seem to see her in her new home, still scattering the gold dust from her spiritual treasury on the multitude that loved her on earth, and, as before, standing at the entrance (this time of a beautiful spirit mansion), saying, "Aurelia is here, come right in," while I sing to her as she visits her sainted friends of old:

"What is the theme our angel friends are singing?
What is the theme from virgin lives springing?
'Tis joy, joy, the pure in heart shall see God,
Peace, peace shall crown their faithful labors."

To my life-long, genial correspondent, this tribute is inscribed.

Your abiding sister,

ASENATH C. STICKNEY.

RESPONSIVE—PSALM AND HYMN.

Written in loving thought of Sister Aurelia in the home circle at East Canterbury, N. H.

“The Lord is my Shepherd;”

“O then let nothing rob my soul,
Nor any doubts prevail,
For while eternal ages roll,
His goodness shall not fail.”

“I shall not want.”

“I know that thy fountain of love
Will mountain and valley o’erflow;
Not barren nor thirsty the soul
Who serves where the pathway is low.”

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :”

“Sweet summer land! O land of bright glory!
Thy beautiful fields are spread out before me;
Thy verdant groves and thy vineyards fair,
And my soul exclaims, ‘How wonderful they
are!’ ”

“He leadeth me beside the still waters.”

“The needy soul no more can thirst,
Who living streams have sought,
Since Christ is King, the Source, the Spring,
The Everlasting Rock.”

"He restoreth my soul :"

 "As the breath of the morning,
 As the strength of the hills,
 God's blessing restoreth,
 My measure refills."

*"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake."*

 "O righteous Shepherd, enfold us,
 Continue to lead on thy flock;
 Through valley, o'er mountain, we follow
 In the shadow of the Eternal Rock."

*"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death,"*

 "I've a covert safe and restful,
 Where flowers of heaven grow,
 Where God can find His own,
 Down in the valley low."

"I will fear no evil :"

 "Joy and peace are my sunshine,
 And no day so overcast
 But I catch the silver lining,
 Shining through the stormy blast."

"For thou art with me ;"

 "Teach me how I best may serve Thee,
 Every conscious hour control;
 Then but little have I given,
 For the wealth that greets my soul."

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Thus reassured in faith and love,
My soul asserts its trust;
Through riven cloud I see the blue,
And own my God is just."

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies :"

"I will arise and go to my Father's house
Where bread and wine are free,
Where I know the gifts that my spirit craves,
Are kindly spread for me."

"Thou anointest my head with oil ;"

"Wheresoe'er the Spirit calleth,
Let me go, let me go ;
To empower me for duty
E'en the heavens overflow."

"My cup runneth over."

"All hungering and thirsting here ceaseth;
I faint, and the tide surges near.
O perfect the bounty eternal !
No famine my spirit can fear."

*"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life :"*

"I need not search the hidden depths,
Nor climb the mountain high,
Thy gift, O God, is love and light,
Thy truth will satisfy."

"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"Sacred home ! all other climes
Pale before thy wondrous light;
These will change as works of time,
Thou wilt fail me never."



EVENTIDE REST.

By JESSIE EVANS.

Not in the morn of life, when skies were fair
With promise unfulfilled,
When hope was decked in fancies bright and rare,
And voice of care was stilled,
She heard the call.

Not at the noontide, when with valiant heart
She turned the furrow deep,
And through meridian heat and toil kept on her part,
The way of God to keep,
Whate'er befall.

Not in the twilight, when time's shadows lent
 Their restful, grateful shade;
Her willing heart 'neath Zion's burdens bent,
 Never the least afraid,
 Task great or small.

At eventide, the work of day all done,
 The weary hands sought rest;
In wealth of glorious hue the setting sun
 Let from the tinted west
 His plaudit fall.

Then gently from the sunrise land afar,
 Blending with earth's "Well done!"
The summons came from out the gates ajar,
 "Come, for thy race is run."
 And was that all?

Far, yet so near, we keep the friendship still,
 On through the transient years;
Memory shall hold the golden cord, until
 The gate of pearl appears
 And jasper wall.

East Canterbury, N. H.

IN KIND REMEMBRANCE.

By H. A. JOHNS.

All along life's journey the name of dear Sister Aurelia has been like a flower by the wayside, sending forth a fragrance that was a stimulus to higher thought and aim. And though miles intervened, her influence encouraged a pressing onward toward conditions that render happy the heart.

Her interest in all worthy objects and subjects was a noted feature in her life, and growing minds elicited her genial ministrations. All who knew her remarked the grace of courtesy, which was often manifested in her benevolent smile, her gentle handshake, and the cheery greetings freely bestowed upon all who called at her door.

Now she has passed sweetly into the eternal rest with earth's record of service well filled. We believe angels swell the glad welcome, as she resumes her life mission of doing good with other "brave souls" in that wonderful Unseen.

So the "hands drop off," and the beacon lights go out one by one. Only a few remain who may be

called the Mothers in Israel. But other hands lift the waiting burden, other lights gleam all along the shore, and other loving hearts will prove their sincerity to the cause Sister Aurelia held dear.

We say, God bless those who stand with willing hands and trusting hearts ready to slip into the waiting furrow! Thought kindly turns to the dear bereaved household in the East, and with it love and sympathy are extended without weight or measure. Through the sorrow and burden may the conscious presence of the everlasting arms beneath be a divine solace far surpassing our simple, yet heartfelt gifts of loving remembrance!

East Canterbury, N. H.



LOVING RETROSPECT.

“Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.”—Rev. 22: 14.

In the home circle at East Canterbury, hearts beat in sympathy with our bereaved brothers and sisters at Sabbathday Lake, in thought of our departed sister.

Since the hundred-fold relation in Christ had supplanted all natural limitations, Sister Aurelia shared the unbounded friendship of the entire household of faith. That her lot was, from early childhood, cast with a people “not of this world” has been no barrier to her ministry of universal kindness; indeed, has it not rather removed all barriers? Every one who came in touch with her life signally felt the uplift of a noble, benignant spirit.

Why should any be led to question her creed? Beautifully the religious belief in which her confidence was anchored has been expressed, as was the Master’s, in the ministry of “doing good.” Was it not fully defined by the author who wrote :

“So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.”

The stranger within the gate, the earnest seeker after righteousness, alike felt the helpful ministrations of her spirit. The “cup of cold water,” in the name of a disciple, was a spontaneous expression of a life consecrated to God and to humanity.

While, like Mary of old, she delighted to sit at the feet of the Master, drinking in the truths that were always first and best to her, yet she fully evidenced the temporal anxieties of Martha, readily ministering to the practical needs of those who came within the radius of her influence, as many a wayfarer can testify.

It was not enough that she had found the “pearl of great price” as an individual wealth; her greatest joy was in letting the light of this discovery shine out as a beacon to others. Her extensive writings—her psalm and song, her book, tract and correspondence—evinced her delight in publishing the tidings of salvation. She fully believed the doctrine of Christ, had given it a thorough test in her life experience, had fought the good fight of faith, and has risen, we feel assured, to fuller, richer realities in the home of “many mansions.”

We are happy in the memory of our long acquaintance with Sister Aurelia. Many census pages have held our names in loving comradeship for a long series of years. Did the kindly hands weary with their much serving? Did the loving heart gently withdraw itself from the well-filled measure of service? We may not say; but this we know, in the land where there is no numbering, no parting, our honored friend takes rank to-day. So we sing:

“In balance divine only Christhood is weight,
Self-conquest the pass at the strait, narrow gate.”

Our sister has given the countersign at the “wicket gate,” and we love to believe her remembrance, her love, her co-operation, will still link inseparable friendships on both sides of the river.

Most sincerely,

In behalf of many,

SARAH F. WILSON.

East Canterbury, N. H.



TRUSTEES' OFFICE.

For many years the home of Sister Aurdia.

A Token of Respect to the Memory of Sister Aurelia from her Enfield Friends.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."

How befitting this text to the memory of our dear Mother Aurelia! Truly she was a Mother in Israel. Not only have those under her immediate charge been blest by her labors of love, but her influence for good has been universal, and many will rise up and call her blessed, as they review her life work. Although her eyes are now closed in death and her heart has ceased to beat, her spirit will still live and move among the objects of her life's interest, and to-day, rejoicing in her freedom, she sings :

"I am near, ever near,
To my life's dearest interest ;
Oh, I guard with loving care
That no harm may come near."

Blessed thought that gives assurance that our dear friends do not leave us. We need not say "Good-

bye''; simply, "Good night, dear, we shall meet in the morning."

"We shall meet, we shall meet
In the morning light,
On the vernal hilltops
Glorious height."

Lovingly,

MARINDA M. KENISTON.

Enfield, N. H.



MY OFFERING.

One by one the Harvest Angel gathers them in as sheaves fully ripe for the heavenly garner. We who are left do not mourn as those without hope, for we know we shall meet again. Our sister has left behind her a rich legacy of good works, and the mandate to those who come after is, "Go thou and do likewise." Blessed thought, we shall soon meet.

MARY M. BASFORD.

Enfield, N. H.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF SISTER AURELIA.

By S. E. GOWEN.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

Our beloved sister has gone to see the fulfillment of this promise. She will meet her Heavenly Father, for her heart was pure, and as she was pure in heart, so she devoted her whole life in trying to help others to be pure, making them feel the necessity of living a pure life.

I have been acquainted with Sister Aurelia for many years and have ever found a true friend in her. Whenever she could do or say anything to help or encourage me, she did it willingly. It seemed to be so with every one she met. Always trying to do all she could to help others to be "pure in heart," and to "walk in the light of God." Truly she lived a life of consecration to God.

We often remark on the fact that some rich person has given a large sum of money for a benevolent pur-

pose, and we say: "How grand of them!" True, but our mother gave her all, "her life!" She had but one; had she a thousand she would have given them all to help others to be good, to be "pure in heart." "To pass the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple" was her motto through life, and great will be her reward. Let us, who are young, remember her pure life to pattern after, and live so as to meet her in heaven. I will, for one.

Alfred, Me.



IN MEMORY OF SISTER AURELIA.

I feel that I can voice the sentiment that my brother Stephen has expressed so truly and so feelingly in regard to our Sister Aurelia. Her life as I have known it was fraught with Heaven's peace, and true, pure love toward all with whom she came in contact. A sweet, forgiving spirit was a strong element of her life, as Christ taught. The example she set I will strive to imitate, for I greatly desire to meet our dear sister in her home beyond the skies, far away from the storms and clouds that often wreck the peace of mind of the pilgrims journeying through this vale of tears.

YOUR BROTHER FRANK.

Alfred, Me.

Lines in Memory of Our Sister, Aurelia G. Mace.

By EBEN COOLBROTH.

This most respected of women has closed her eyes to the things of time and the trials of this earthly sphere. Her death will be mourned by all who knew her, not only because of her superiority of character, but because of the sympathy and friendship that she has always shown for the people. She proved herself a true disciple of our blessed Saviour. We have reason to believe she had overcome the world in the same sense that Jesus declared he had overcome the world, and His promise to such was: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." Yet in the mysterious way by which great blessings are wrought we are compelled to admit that possibly in this dispensation some good will come to these mourning friends that cannot now be seen.

She has laid her burdens suddenly down. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to the thought that

others should take them up, and yet the future may reveal the good, the discipline that there may be in this. Other hands may assume her task and do it so well that her labor and influence shall not be lost. And she? Well, we do not know what grand fields of thought and action she may enter upon. The house in which our sister dwelt is left behind. It was but a simple habitation, fitted for her use while she remained here. Always frail, it took but a breath to shatter it, and when at length there came a shock strong enough to weaken it, and our sister could no longer remain, she passed into the unseen, and we behold left only the tenement in which she lived.

Between her and where we stand there hangs a curtain, beyond which, wisely, we cannot in this life see. But we can hope and believe, and as in nature there is no death, so faith tells us our sister is not dead, but living wiser, greater, grander than ever before, because she was great and good here, with opportunities multiplied for happiness and advancement a thousand fold; for do we not, if we live rightly here, advance from the lower to a higher sphere on earth! We cannot live a twelve-month on earth without increased knowledge, so, as the cycles of time go their unceasing rounds, we must, in obedience to the eternal law of progress, be forever grow-

ing wiser and richer in the knowledge of truth and justice and right.

We mourn for the departure of a friend, but we have faith that we shall meet our sister a little way on in the future, and the eye that shone so brilliantly, the voice that addressed us so kindly, the hand that grasped ours so cordially, will again greet us on the other side.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.



ALFRED, ME. .

Dear Friends:—We learn with sorrow of the death of Sister Aurelia, and deeply sympathize with you in your bereavement. Her tender words and loving smile will be missed by all, but the memory of her life of consecration and devotion to the faith espoused in early youth will live forever.

May her example of godliness be as a guiding star to us all.

Yours sincerely,

FANNIE C. CASEY.

A LOVING TRIBUTE.

THE FAMILY.

“Not lost, not dead, not gone, not even sleeping,
But with us still.”

Blessed words, so full of cheer to those left weeping,
When in the hearts such sorrow we feel creeping
At God's sweet will.

Still with us, at morn, at noontide, and at evening,
To love and bless
With tender smiles, your presence seeming
To shed o'er loved ones here the radiant gleaming
Of happiness.

Your life on earth was to us all a treasure,
Dear to each heart.
You taught to us the love that's without measure,
The love that seeks its good in others' pleasure,
From self apart.

And as we list, while twilight shades are creeping
O'er wood and hill,
Your voice we hear: “I'm in God's tender keeping;
‘Not lost, not dead, not gone, not even sleeping,
But with you still.’”

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

KIND AND LOVING CONTRIBU-
TIONS FROM
SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS

TELEGRAM.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

EDWARD P. RICKER, JR.:

I desire you, and all the other members of our family, to attend the funeral of Sister Aurelia, and extend to Eldress Lizzie and other members of the society my heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement. I regret very much that I am so far away that I cannot reach home in time for the funeral. Our life-long friendship has gone, but her loyalty and kindnesses to us all can never be forgotten.

EDWARD P. RICKER.



GRAY, ME., April 1, 1910.

My Dear Friend:—I enclose the poem. I am very glad to write it for you. It came to me like a message when my heart was sore for the beloved sister in the years that are gone.

I cannot explain just how I have been helped to-day. It all seemed so beautiful and restful, as though I had been into another world—there is something so real in all you do and say. What a home of rest and peace !

Such a beautiful sunset, like a benediction upon the day. My loving thoughts to all the dear sisters.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is midnight !

Deep and deeper grows the darkness

E'er the dawning of the day;

All nature sleeps,

Borne from earth's cares and sorrow

Into dreamland far away.

All is still,

And in the stillness

Angel whispers seem to float upon the air;

We can almost see their faces

As they turn to God in prayer.

Stern their duty,

Yet they come in love and mercy

To our dear one, faint and worn,

Gently loose the cords of silver,

Thus a child in heaven is born.

And this is death !

Yes, 'tis death to our mortal vision,

Long we gaze into the face

Once so radiant.

All in vain, we find no trace
Of recognition, and we turn away in sadness.
As we clasp that friendly hand
Once so full of warmth and welcome.

Can we ever understand the meaning
Of these earthly cares and sorrows?

Can we learn life's lesson well?
God is love and truth and wisdom,
And he doeth all things well.

And this is death !
Not death, O child immortal,
For the good, the pure and true
Can never die.
The soul that filled the form with beauty
Still lives.

We know not how nor where,
But this we know, an angel presence
Lights our pathway lest we fall,
Bids us watch, and wait and labor,
And find in God our all in all.

What is death ?
Death is but the open gateway
Leading into life and light,
Where the footsteps never falter
In the path of truth and right;
Where the toilers ne'er grow weary;
Where their labors never cease,
'Till every soul is sweetly folded
In the arms of Perfect Peace.

Very truly yours,

ELEANOR B. FORBES.

BY OUR DEAR FRIEND.

My Very Dear Friends.:—I saw in this morning's paper the notice of Sister Aurelia's death. I feel I must write to tell you how much I feel for you, but cannot condole with you as I know your loss is her gain, and I know you would not wish her back again. Still my great sympathy is with you all, for I know how you will miss her sweet presence and companionship. I wish I could be with you and tell you how my heart goes out to you. But when God calls the result is inevitable, and we must not rebel. No one knows what is before them. We must live in hope and hold to faith.

I hope Sister Aurelia did not suffer much. She has been ill so long, the dear one must have wanted to "go home."

Very much love to one and all of you, and with very great sympathy for your great loss, I am,

Very lovingly,

M. C. HOFFMAN.

April 2, 1910.

BY ONE OF SISTER AURELIA'S TRULY
DEVOTED FRIENDS.

My Dear Ada :—You were most kind and thoughtful to write me the nice letter telling me all about dear Sister Aurelia's illness, and I felt so sad to know it was her last illness, and she was suffering pain, and possibly we would never see her dear sweet face again. I really wished I could be near to help in some way.

I see by this morning's paper her dear soul has passed on, and she has joined her many friends "who have gone before," and is at rest. Such a beautiful character one but seldom meets. Always a smile and kind word for every one. Please, dear Ada, extend our heartfelt sympathy to each member of the dear family at Sabbathday Lake.

We all loved dear Sister Aurelia very dearly and her charming presence will be greatly missed, but our Heavenly Father knows best, and "He doeth all things well."

Thanking you again for your dear thoughtful letter,
I am,

Yours with much sympathy,

EMMA B. VOSE.

April 4, 1910.

Dear Eldress Lizzie:—Mrs. Nickerson joins me in extending our deepest sympathy in the loss of Sister Aurelia. While it was not unexpected, at the same time the loss is always severe to those who are dearest, and we know that there has gone from your life a friend of years' standing, that will be hard to forget. We also know that your community will mourn this loss much more deeply than we can understand. We who are left have one consolation, that in the future we shall join our dearest friends, and that is a comfort. Extending to all our sincere sympathy,

Affectionately yours,

MR. and MRS. F. A. NICKERSON.



My Dear Eldress Lizzie, Ada and Sarah:—You have been in my thoughts constantly since I heard of your great sorrow in the passing out of our dear Aurelia to the higher life. Mr. Pierce and I were away from home at the time, and saw an account of her death in the paper, and when we reached home I found your letters awaiting me.

Indeed, you have lost your dearest and best friend, one who has always been a most valued and competent leader. I, too, feel a great loss, for I prized her friendship far more than I can express, and I feel grateful beyond words that it was my privilege to have such a woman as my friend. I know how keenly you are going to miss her, but I also know you are going to be brave, and to go right on as she would like to have you. You will always feel her presence there.

Dear, beautiful Aurelia, we shall always hold her memory, and sometime that sweet face and gentle voice will bid us welcome. Now dear ones gone before are made happy by her coming.

Your loving friend,

LYDIA P. PIERCE.



To Dear Eldress Lizzie and Other Friends:—I have just learned of the passing away of dear Aurelia. She will be greatly missed, not only in your society, but by the many other friends who knew her, and loved her. She will be gratefully remembered

as teacher, philosopher, and friend. I am sorry I have not been able to visit Sabbathday Lake the past two summers, but I have not been unmindful of the friends there. I wish very much I might have seen Aurelia again before she was called to her heavenly home.

I extend to you all my deep and sincere sympathy in your bereavement, and pray that all who mourn may be divinely comforted.

Truly and affectionately yours,

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.



Dear Friends:—Saturday evening the paper recorded the sad tale that our friend had left us for another and happier world. She had a long illness and is now at rest. I always loved her. The sterling qualities of mind and honesty of purpose made her many friends who mourn her loss. She was to me a beautiful woman, with clear eyes, and lovely quietness and genuineness of manners. We had many a good talk together, and she gave me much good counsel. We understood each other. I can feel and say, "She was my friend." I had hoped to see her again, but it

was not to be. She had come to ripe old age, and the shadows had begun to fall. "The day was well spent." We need most of all Jesus' prayer, "Abide with me, for it is toward evening." We are all going to that home of "many mansions," and it is a cheering thought to me.

My remembrance to one and all.

Very truly yours,

KATE L. CLARY.



Dear Friend C. :—We have just learned of the death of Sister Aurelia, whose life has been such a source of inspiration to those who have been so fortunate as to come under its influence. Words are but empty things, at best, at a time when one must say good-bye, even for a time, to such a life as that which has just been transformed from the mortal to the immortal, yet we would extend to you, and to your society, our most sincere sympathy in this, your hour of affliction. What is our loss is her gain, and though by her death you are deprived of the smile of affection and the word of good cheer, which was ever hers to give, yet by the eye of faith you may pierce

the veil that lies between her and you, and still feel the warmth of her life and the inspiration of her presence.

Praise God for her spotless life. Would that the world might have more like it.

Yours in sympathy,

MR. AND MRS. J. W. LAMBERT.



My Dear L. :—Your note received. You have indeed met with a loss. It cannot be otherwise. Sister Aurelia was a woman of culture and refinement, and was endowed with a rare intellect. All who have been accustomed to going there will miss her sadly, but how much more you in closer ties! We do sympathize with you all; wish we could add a word of comfort. Somehow at such times words are empty, and yet how much sadder if no friend could speak to us.

Again extending our love and sympathy to all, we are,

As ever,

DR. AND MRS. L. T. CUSHING.

My Dear Friend:—It is with sorrow and grief I received the news of your loss, in the death of Sister Aurelia. I do not mourn for the departed, but for the bereaved who are left behind to realize the loved and lost who have left them for the better land. Sister Aurelia was a splendid type of womanhood; strong in conviction, yet kind and gentle in her dealings with those who thought differently. She had a splendid mind, and a warm heart.

I am glad I have one of her books. I read it often with a great deal of pleasure.

She has gone to a happy home where she will receive a rich reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Her life was one of usefulness, and she has gone to enjoy the fruits of a life spent in the service of her Master. I feel very sorry for you, but, dear friend, try to realize your loss is her gain, for where she is there is no sickness, no sorrow, or death, and she will be "forever with the Lord." With a great deal of love, I am,

Very sincerely,

MRS. L. M. SHATTUCK.

My Dear L. :—I have seen the notice of our friend's death in the paper. I felt when I last saw Sister Aurelia that the end was not far off, but I could not help hoping that we should see her next summer. It would not be right to wish her back again. Her tranquil and righteous life, full of years and honors, entitles her to rest. The world is a sweeter place because she has lived in it. What better can be said of anyone? Please remember me sympathetically to the family, and believe me to be your friend.

MARGARET DELAND.



April 3, 1910.

My Dear Friends :—I am thinking of you all in this, your great sorrow. I have not learned any of the particulars pertaining to the death of dear Aurelia, so do not know whether you were prepared for her departure from your midst to a far more beautiful, heavenly home or not. Even though we may have warning of the critical condition of our friends, I don't think that we are ever really prepared to release them.

I remember so well Sister Aurelia's sixtieth birthday. It happened that mother and I called to see her on that day, and mother remarked that she wished she were twenty years younger. Aurelia said, in her sweet voice: "Yes, but I am going to live twenty years longer."

Sister Aurelia, to my mind, stands forth as a most saintly character, whose heart was filled with the radiance of God's love, and was so much inspired by faith and love that an invisible halo was always about her. I consider it a rare privilege to have known her. She must have influenced thousands who came in touch with her during her long life of activity. And as I have recalled the quotation, "How hard it is to die and not leave the world any better for one's little life in it," I have thought how easy it must have been for Sister Aurelia to bid farewell to earthly possessions, for she accomplished so great good while she tarried here.

Mother joins me in extending to you all our sincerest sympathy, and our prayer is that He who has taken your dear sister from you will comfort you always.

ELLEN H. PACKARD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 1, 1910.

Dear Friend.—Your card received this morning, telling me of sister Aurelia's death, and words cannot express my heartfelt sympathy for you all at the great loss, for I realize a little how much you will all miss her, both in companionship as well as labor. But we must rejoice in thinking that her work is finished and she has gone to a far world, where there will be no more sickness, care or trouble, but where everything is bright and beautiful, and the reward is waiting for her who did so much in this world to make it better for her having lived in it.

Even at the longest our lives are but a few passing years, which are as nothing when they are passed, and are only measured by our good deeds, and I know sister Aurelia did good deeds all of her life and will surely reap a harvest from them.

I wish I was near enough so I could have attended her memorial service, for I would have liked to see her once more. As it is now, I shall always remember the sweet smile and gentle words which she always gave me whenever I visited your home.

Sympathizing with you all for your great loss, I remain,

Lovingly yours,

M. A. BURDICK.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

Dear Sister Ada:—The news of Sister Aurelia's death reached me through the papers before your letter came, but I was pleased that you thought of writing to me, and I felt very grateful to you for telling me about her last illness. How much you all will miss dear Sister Aurelia, and so will we who expect to go to Poland next summer.

I have her picture framed, standing on our table where we gather to read in the evening. Many of our friends, attracted by the noble face, have asked whose photograph it was, and of course I have very gladly explained.

Extending our kindest sympathy to the sorrowing family, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. GARRET HOBART.



POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

My dear Miss Ada Cummings:—I must write a few lines and express my sorrow at the passing away from this earth of our dear Sister Aurelia, whom one only had to know to love. All of my life I have

known of "Sister Aurelia", and for many years have loved her dearly, and it saddens me to think that I am never to see her dear, bright face on this earth again.

In the losing of Sister Aurelia I can realize how you must feel, as though you had lost your mother, and to many of you the vacancy that her going made will never be filled. It is a great loss to you all to have this noble, kind, loving woman taken from your home.

May God be very near to you sisters, in your great sorrow, and may these few lines comfort you.

"O heart, sore tried, thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest.

Not dead, not sleeping,

Not even gone,

But present still;

And waiting for the coming hour

Of God's sweet will."

With kind wishes for you all,

Your friend,

MARTHA BRAY.



48 Rutledge Ave., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

My Dear Friend:—Your letter bearing the sad intelligence of dear Sister Aurelia's departure from earth-life came to me not wholly unexpected, as I

have known that she has been in failing health for quite a while, and yet we are never quite ready to say good-bye.

You, dear A., will miss her, for she seemed always to rely on you, and has often spoken of your teaching and how pleased she was with it. But how pleasant the remembrance of her life. None could know her but to love her, or name her but for praise.

I am glad it was my privilege to meet her at the Islands, and it was a pleasure to talk with her. We always were friends from the first meeting. She gave me one of her books, "The Aletheia," and her kind, interesting letters were read over many times.

As I write this to you I can almost feel her sweet presence. Her work is finished here and she has reached a fairer kingdom, and when we shall be called from earth those dear ones we loved so dearly here will be there to welcome us, and it will be a happy reunion.

I am so glad you wrote to me, dear friend, or I should not have known it. May God sustain you all in losing the dear loving sister. I am,

Sincerely your friend,

MARY WHITE HOWARD.

My Dear Friends:—I most certainly sympathize with all of you in the loss of Sister Aurelia. To me it was a personal loss, for it is nearly twenty years since I first knew her, and I learned to have the greatest esteem for her. It was a pleasure indeed for me to frequently meet her during my summer stay at Poland Spring. I should be very happy if I could feel that I am as well prepared as she for the "Beautiful Beyond." My kindest love and regards, in which my family join, to you all.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS WOOD CARPENTER.



My dear C.:—I cannot tell you how our hearts were saddened when your message reached us, saying our dearly beloved friend had gone to the "other home."

She had seemed like a mother to us ever since our own mother left us. And her memory will always be precious to us. It seems sweet to me to think of her going home to the "Father's House" at this season of the year. We do not know just what her work will be, but we do know some blessed mission will be hers.

With love and sympathy from us all.

FANNIE M. LEACH.

My dear C.:—Thank you for sending me the word. I know it tells of a joyous freedom for her, but it is so hard to do without the precious physical presence, however close the invisible part is still. The effort to realize this nearness brings us a little more into the consciousness of the unseen.

Please give our love and sympathy to all our dear friends at your home.

Lovingly,

MARY PRINCE AND MARY STEVENS.



Dear L.:—We are all sorry to hear you have met with such a severe loss, but your loss is Heaven's gain. And she will never be forgotten, or her influence lost as long as those live who have met and associated with her. I shall miss her sorely when I come again, as she always met me with such cordiality and courtesy it seemed love. Extend my love and sympathy to all.

Ever truly,

EDITH M. BAILEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

By FLORENCE HUNT LIBBY.

Sister Aurelia G. Mace, aged seventy-five years, almost a lifelong resident of the Shaker community at Sabbathday Lake, passed away March 30th, after a year of feeble health. For many years she was a teacher in the community school, and in later years she has written several books, the best known of which is "The Aletheia," through which she sought to make known to the world the truth and beauty of faith.

When Poland Spring became known to the world, it was not long before the many guests at this famous hostelry learned of the Shaker neighbors and of their beautiful handiwork, and no one came away from Poland without making a call at the Shaker store, where Sister Aurelia presided. In this way, thousands of people the world over have become familiar with her little home. Lovely in her personality, with a mind of unusual culture and capacity, though previous to that time her environments had been somewhat limited, there was a charm in her presence

that was felt by everyone who met her. One needed but to glance at her sweet face to discover a soul at peace with itself. No death among all others that has taken place in our day has touched more deeply the entire countryside than that of our friend Aurelia, to whose memory we now record our sense of loss and our sorrow at her death, and speaking from a friendship dating from days of earliest childhood when she was a visitor at the home of our grandmother.

Her life was an inspiration to everyone and her noble heart ever gave of her strength and hope to those around her. That which endeared her most to those who knew her best was her thoughtful consideration of others, her kindness and tenderness for all who suffered and for all who were in distress. The white stone of righteousness was her highest ideal. The pleasures of life were more than compensated in the peace and joy and the supreme content which filled her very being. Wealth, which so many strive to obtain, was found in the common wealth of humanity, filling her great heart of love and gaining for her treasures eternal. Fame, too, was hers, for has she not made friends throughout the length and breadth of the land, who will ever fondly cherish her memory, and feel to say that the King's highway

will be lonelier without her, for she no longer walks with them. She had great respect for the religious views of other people and never intruded upon the rights of any who thought differently. Her own pen has left on record these words: "I claim that there are those now living in our order with whom my feet have trod the quiet aisles of prayer, who by a close walk with God have attained the Christ spirit, and the same may be said of many not of this fold."

In the passing of Sister Aurelia no more fitting words can be written than her own thought which was given expression in the death of a beloved member of the society: "She has gone over to dwell in the Paradise of God, the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' " Like a beautiful cloud she moved from our sight, but the Comforter cometh. Upon the wings of the morning are wafted these words to the sorrowing ones: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you," and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." Why should we mourn? Isn't she nearer to us than before, leading us in green pastures, and beside the still waters? Her pure and refined spirit has become one with Christ, even as Christ is one with the Heavenly and Eternal Father and Mother. She will not be forgotten. In all time

to come, among the most priceless treasures of the society to which she gave her devoted love, throughout a long life, will be the name of Aurelia G. Mace.

With the Shaker family private funerals, as a rule, have been the custom, but this was an exceptional case and her brothers and sisters felt that some consideration was due to her many friends in the world outside, and the more intimate friends were given to understand that their presence was desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood were there in official capacity, that being the request of the deceased. That their work was appreciated is indicated in a letter since received, saying, "their tenderness and respect will be a lasting memory to us." Among other friends present were Governor and Mrs. Fernald, Mr. Hiram Ricker, Miss Ricker, Mrs. E. P. Ricker and family, Miss Nettie Ricker and other members of the family being detained by sickness. Hon. E. P. Ricker, who was in New York, sent a bouquet of the most beautiful calla lilies marked from "Brother Edward." The choicest flowers seen for many a day were arranged by loving hands, each touch seemingly to be a part of the impressive and beautiful service. The service was opened by Elder William Dumont, head of the family at Sabbathday Lake, followed by singing. Then each one spoke as the spirit moved,

read an appropriate poem, or sung. The quartette sang, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." An original poem was read by Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, of Gray. Just before the service closed, Elder Green, of the Alfred family, called on Governor Fernald. His words were very fitting and he expressed the feelings and the sympathy of the friends outside the family.

"Dear heart that beat so warmly,
Your work forever stands,
And you have reached before us,
The blessed land of lands.
"The veil that swings between us,
'Tis parted with a breath;
So near we seem in presence
We dare not call it death."

—*From Narragansett Sun.*



GOOD-NIGHT

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”—Rev. 14: 13.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best;—
Good-night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest—secure and deep—
Good-night.

Until the shadow from the earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
Good-night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,—
Good-night.

Until made beautiful by love divine
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And he shall bring that golden crown of thine,—
Good-night.

Only "good-night," beloved, not farewell !
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible,—

Good-night.

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own,
Until we *know*, even as we are known,—

Good-night.

—*Selected.*



